

McGill Daily

Vol. I, No. 15

Montreal, Thursday, Oct. 26th, 1911

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"A LEGEND"

THE DEVIL SAT ON HIS THRONE OF STATE AND TROUBLE BREWED IN HIS EYE.
AND TWICE HE FROWNED AT THE BLISTERING GROUND, AND THIRCE HE SMOTE HIS THIGH.
ANON HE SUMMONED HIS MINIONS TWAIN THAT WAIT ON HIS LIGHTEST WORD,
AND HIS VOICE RANG HARD AS THE TRUE STEEL GUARD NEATH THE STROKE OF THE GLANCING SWORD.

"METHINKS THE TIMES ARE GONE AWRY, FOR THS SOULS OF INIQUITY
THAT HITHER ARE SENT FOR PUNISHMENT ARE NOT AS THEY USED TO BE.
OH WHERE ARE THE GENUINE EVIL MEN, WHOSE SOULS I LOVED TO SCAN,
WHO SINNED THEIR SIN FOR THE LOVE OF THE SIN, AND CARED FOR GOD NOR MAN?"

"BUT THE SIN OF THESE LATTER DAYS IS SINNED FOR THE SAKE OF WHAT OTHERS SAY,
AND HYPOCRITES ALL ARE THE MEN WHO FALL AND COME TO ME TO-DAY!
METHINKS THE TIMES ARE GONE AWRY, AND FAITH, IT DRIVETH ME MAD.
AND I FAIN WOULD SCAN THE SOUL OF A MAN FROM THE RANKS OF THE GENUINE BAD.

"SO HIE YE HENCE, MY MINIONS TWAIN, YE DEMONS OF DEEP-EST DYE,
AND SEARCH YE WELL FOR THE MOUTH OF HELL TO THE TIP OF THE TOPMOST SKY;
AND THE BLACKEST SOUL OF THE SONS OF MEN IN THOUGHT AND DEED AND WORD
THAT BRING YE BACK BY THE SHORTEST TRACK AND RECEIVE THE PRAISE OF YOUR LORD."

UP THROUGH THE REALMS OF TRACKLESS SPACE WHERE THE PLANETS SWING AND SWAY,
THROUGH THE AGE-LONG RUNS OF THE GLARING SUNS THEY WINGED THEIR EAGER WAY:
AND EACH SOUGHT OUT THE BLACKEST SOUL IN THOUGHT AND DEED AND WORD,
AND THEY TOOK THEM BACK BY THE SHORTEST TRACK AND WAITED THE PRAISE OF THEIR LORD.

THE DEVIL KNIT HIS FLAMING BROWS AND STAMPED HIS HOOF ON THE GROUND—
"AND WHO ARE YE THAT ARE BROUGHT TO ME AS THE BLACKEST SOULS TO BE FOUND?
WHAT HAVE YE THOUGHT AND SAID AND DONE THAT YE SHOULD MAKE ME GLAD?
DID YE SIN YOUR SIN FOR THE LOVE OF THE SIN? ARE YE OF THE GENUINE BAD?"

THE FIRST SOUL BLINKED HIS WEAKENED EYES AND BOWED HIS MASSIVE HEAD—
"YEA, I DID SIN FOR THE SAKE OF THE SIN AND NOT FOR WHAT OTHERS SAID.
FOR I AM THE TRUE-BORN SCIENTIST; IN THE SECRET OF THINGS I PROD,
AND I HAVE DENIED IN THE HEIGHT OF MY PRIDE THAT THERE IS SUCH A THING AS GOD!

"I HAVE PLUNGED SO DEEP INTO NATURE'S HEART, I HAVE WATCHED SO LONG AT HER STRIFE,
THAT I CAME IN SIGHT ONE AWESOME NIGHT OF THE MYSTERY OF LIFE;
AND I STRETCHED MY HAND TO LAY HOLD OF IT—BUT IT FLED AWAY WITH A LAUGH,
AND I HURLED MY CURSE AT THE UNIVERSE IN THE FACE OF ITS NOICELESS CHAFF!

"I CARE NO MORE FOR THE SONS OF MEN THAN THAT THEY ARE FLESH AND BONE;
I HAVE AYE MADE LIGHT OF THE CAUSE OF THE RIGHT, AND I LIVE FOR MY WORK ALONE.
THERE IS NAUGHT IN HEAVEN OR EARTH OR HELL, YEA, NAUGHT THAT I HOLD IN AWE
BUT THE KING OF KINGS THAT RULES ALL THINGS, THE ULTIMATE SOVEREIGN—LAW!"

THE DEVIL LOOKED HIM THROUGH AND THROUGH; THEN HE SPAT CONTEMPTUOUSLY—
"ONE MORE POOR SOUL WITH A RIGAMAROLE THAT NONE IS AS BAD AS HE!
IF WHAT YE SAY WE TRULY SAID, THEN, FAITH, 'TWOULD MAKE ME GLAD,
BUT I KNOW YOUR BREED AND THEIR BOASTFUL CREED: YE ARE NONE OF THE GENUINE BAD.

"KNOW YE NOT, YE HYPOCRITES, THAT WHICH YE HOLD IN AWE IN HEAVEN AND HELL IS KNOWN AS WELL BY ANOTHER NAME THAN LAW?
AND IF YE USED THE CARE YE USE WHEN IN NATURE'S HEART YE PROD
WITH ENLIGHTENED EYES YE WOULD REALIZE THAT WHAT YE CALL LAW IS GOD!

"AND AS YE SPEND YOURSELVES IN YOUR WORK—THE WORK HE WOULD HAVE FULFILLED—
YE JESTERS GRIM, YE BOTH WORSHIP HIM AND DO WHAT HE HAS WILLED,
BUT TRADITION HAS IT AMONG YOUR TRIBE TO DENY SUCH THINGS ALWAY,
AND YE SIN YOUR SIN WHICH IS NO SIN FOR THE SAKE OF WHAT OTHERS SAY!"

THE DEVIL HE LOOKED AT THE SECOND SOUL, AND HIS BROW WAS OVERCAST—
"HAST THOU THE FACE TO STATE A CASE AS FLIMSY AS THE LAST?"
BUT THE SECOND SOUL HE MOUTHED HIS QUID AND TIPPED HIS HAT TO THE SIDE,
AND HIS EYE WAS BLEAR WITH A BALEFUL LEAR AS HE BOASTINGLY REPLIED—

"NAY, I AM THE TRUE-BORN FAST-LIVED SPORT, THE TYPICAL COLLEGE MAN,
AND I HAVE SINNED FOR THE LOVE OF THE SIN SINCE MY LIFE OF SIN BEGAN.
OH THERE'S NO SIN OF A LUSTFUL LIFE, NO DEPTH TO WHICH MEN MAY FALL,

(Continues on page 4.)

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FACULTY NOTES

We regret that the Faculty of Applied Science has misinterpreted our editorial of yesterday's issue with regard to the football trouble. The editorial cleared the matter once and for all as far as we are concerned. The Faculty has absolutely no ground for complaint because they have been fully justified in their attitude.

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"THE LURE OF EARTH"

"A CRITICAL APPRECIATION."

In opening the Dean's new book of poems, we approach them perhaps with an unconscious feeling of personal interest, which precludes the possibility of giving them anything like an unbiased criticism, even as far as our poor ability admits, for after all he is our Dean Moyse, his success is our success, his fame as a Canadian poet reflects fame upon us as a Canadian University. This must unconsciously affect our critical judgment; but at all events, it is a failing which we can be well forgiven.

The book takes its name from the first poem, "The Lure of Earth"—perhaps an hypercritical reader might object to the triteness of the title, suggesting that it has been overused—we have "The Lure of Gold," Service's "Lure of Little Voices,"—but on carefully reading the poem, one sees that the title is inevitable. "The Lure of Earth," those simple homely joys, which we can so little appreciate, in our liveliest moments, but whose "pull" is so overpowering, whose worth is so apparent, when the first call comes for us to forego them.

O taste of bygone bliss!
There, 'mid earth's dead,
My smiling lips he'll kiss,
Re-vermiled,
And take my hand, nor miss
Old words we said.

The poet strikes the truly pathetic note. Such a picture, attempted by many, has degenerated into paths of the worst kind, but the power of imagery displayed makes itself felt through the whole poem.

Afar, the red cliffs lean
O'er beaches white;
The darkening bay serene
Dissolves in night,
And the curved shore is seen
A lane of light.

"The Lure" of the old earth is strong. Kipling strikes the same note when he says:

.....We've climbed God's hill together,
We have sung the old, old earth song, for our life
Was very sweet.

"The Lure of the Earth," and by no other name can we call it, has ever been an inspiration to poets and will be to the end of time. But Dean Moyse has approached it from a new and different viewpoint, and we leave it, turning over the pages, confident that keen enjoyment for us lies ahead.

"Sursum" is a companion piece to "The Lure of Earth."

The lingering shades of night
Now melt away,
And, see! the blind grows white
With dawning day,
And soon shall ruddy light
Flood sky and spray.

In the next verse, and appeared as "Deorsum" in the McGill University Magazine.

"What murmur in my brain—
Grows yet more clear?"

Its tones are those of earth. Perhaps the beautiful stanza in "Sursum" is:

Silent o'er lea and lawn
The low mist lies;
Up through the gray of dawn
The steeples rise,
And pierce the red flush drawn
In eastern skies.

The picture for its vividness of imagery, is unequalled.

In these two poems, "The Lure of Earth" and "Sursum," the poet is in his most serious mood, at times half approaching mysticism, and the two poems must be read at the same sitting to be most appreciated.

In his longest, and most pretentious poem, "Destiny," the poet carries us with him, guided by a spirit.

Then I felt myself uplift
Straight through cloudless air, and swift

Poised on high o'er earth that lay
Stretched, a huge disc, far away,
Blotting out the starry strand
Save where shone, in narrow band,
Sparkling points of diamonds,
Deep in azure sky beyond.
Terror seized me, and I laid
Trembling, face in hands, afraid
Lest the world might swerve. I cried,
"Help me, spirit sanctified!"

The same characteristic power of imagery is displayed as in his title poem.

Then the blackness seemed to fade
More and more, till half-displayed
Through the dim of evening air,
Like a map drawn faintly there
Where the band 'twixt day and night
Crossed the world in dubious light,
Earth's colossal features lay,
Mount and valley, stream and bay,
Dun and scattered spots on land,
Marking where earth's cities stand:

The spirit, after revealing to him the earth, in all its ceaseless combination of motion, its never ending changes, questions:

"Where your bower of idleness?"
Said the spirit: "Nay, confess!
Doth 'Eternal rest immerse
All this boundless universe?"

The poet is discussing the old, old question; the unsatisfying speculation as to destiny—"Omar" said:

"The moving finger writes and having writ
Moves on. Nor all your piety and wit
Can lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all your tears wash out a word of it."

But still we go on in our endless speculation—speculation which fevers us and retards the accomplishment of our end in life.

Work, and when thy end is found,
Straight in darkness 'neath the ground
Men shall lay thy silent frame
Wrapt in mould from whence thou came

(Continued on Column 5)

McGill Daily

Printed at the office of The News Publishing Co., Olivier Avenue, Westmount.

"A CALL FOR COLOUR"

The splendid work which the Rooting Club has been doing has been the subject of great comment and those at the head of the Association deserve the greatest credit. But it is not enough that a small section of the college should join themselves together for the purpose of making noise. We want the McGill yell to swell so strongly on Saturday that nothing else shall be audible for blocks around.

The rooting shall be confined to the Club alone; if everyone makes a noise the result will be tremendous. Let the sly swains with their lady friends raise aloft their voices also, if it be at the risk of offending the dear girls' auditory appendages, encourage her to add her silver shriek to the rising roar of enthusiasm, if only for the sake of variation.

It has also been suggested that all those sitting in the front row should emulate Mr. Castles' action at the last game, and hang banners over the sides of the grandstand. In fact, we would like to see all those sitting in the stand on Saturday carrying their pennants. There is nothing which so encourages a team as a brilliant display of their Alma Mater's colours. We would also request on the instigation of the Rooters' Club, that, when the boys are singing "Hail Alma Mater" the audience as a whole, should rise.

These are small things to ask of the individual when compared to the results obtained, and as the sweet young girl said, vulling her kid brother from under the sofa on a certain occasion: "It's the little things that tell."

The snake dance, given by the members of the Rooters' Club at half time last Saturday has great possibilities of development, but the line-up in front of the grandstand at the conclusion did a great deal to spoil it. It savoured altogether too much of a preparatory school and it is to be sincerely hoped that it will be discontinued at the Toronto game.

LACK OF INTEREST

We are well aware of the fact that the meetings of the Literary and Debating Society from the standpoint of the exuberant, live, fun-loving student, are not what one might term "a long scream." Their object prevents them from being such; they are not held for amusement, but for the instruction of the Undergraduates in a very necessary accomplishment, namely, clear thinking while on his feet.

The old question as to the desirability and worth of such practice has been developed time and again; we don't propose to labour it further here. The majority of the students of the College have passed against the Society, if the audiences at the last few meetings can be taken as a criterion! Such lack of interest is to be deplored, both for their own sake and for the sake of the few who are trying to keep the Society in existence. As long as this spirit is evinced the Championship Intercollegiate Debating Team will never be produced.

A long editorial appeared in these columns some days ago, from the pen of the Editor-in-Chief, heralding the dawn of a new era at McGill. This wave of reform if we can so say, of increased interest in the many branches of College activity, has not made itself felt in the Literary and Debating Society. Our orators up to date have talked to empty chairs.

The football team is out to win the Intercollegiate Championship. The track team of McGill is picked to win by competent critics. The swimming and polo teams look to carry everything before them. The English rugby club has won every game. The soccer team has struck a winning goal. The organized rooting is the best in the history of the College. In truth a new era has dawned upon McGill.

The Literary Society is deserving of your support. There is no reason why the wave of enthusiasm should not affect her. Shall it be said that McGill is a joke in the Intercollegiate Debating Series? Shall it be said that in the last decade, among the versatile men that have graduated from her halls, she produced no great orator? The answer lies with you.

No man can become proficient in speaking talking to an empty house. We are out to win the Intercollegiate Debating Championship this year, and we want you to help us. You can do it by turning out to a few meetings and boosting things along. Our aim is to make McGill supreme in every department, and this is one we can't neglect.

There are two more trial debates to be held, before we choose our team. One week from Friday, six men will demonstrate their skill before Professor Leacock, and what we fondly hope will be a large audience. One week from Monday evening the last big tryout will be held.

We make the plea for the Lit. confident that the same spirit which has made itself felt in other branches will rise to our aid here, and when we send men down to Toronto, it will be two orators capable of bringing back the championship. But whether they are successful or not we can at least feel that we have done our best in their support. So everyone watch for Lit. announcements and come up and boost.

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"THE LURE OF EARTH."

(Continued from Column 2)

He advises:

".....Cease to vex
Thoughts that weaken and perplex."
It is in his "sonnets" to Wordsworth perhaps, that he reaches his greatest heights. It is only a great student and lover of Wordsworth who can appreciate as he has in his "sonnets"—his first one is perhaps the best:

Poets had sung of star and sky and hill,
And twilight beauty of the winding shore;
Had paused to catch the sounding torrent's roar,
To feel the gentler music of the rill
Change to their music; e'en thy daffodil
Had hymned a dirge that passeth nevermore,
And daisies lured thy Chaucer from the lore
Of books, to sing them with his royal skill.
But thou first sang the soul of cloud and light
And storm, draping the peak's solemnity,
Where Nature, 'mid her secrets rarely trod,
Communing with no spirit on the height
As she communed with 'thine, lay bare to thee,
And indistinguishable from her God.
He too, with the "High Priest of Nature," must have felt some of that "soul excitement" which moved Wordsworth to sing to the cataracts

of the woods and rocks, as possessing in themselves a dynamic power. To every lover of Wordsworth, these sonnets will be a delight. In them here and there we find such lines as:

Thou kept a course when thou didst voyage lone
Beyond all beacons of familiar seas
Where poets sail in thronging companies,

We are reminded at once of Keats' famous lines in his "Ode to a Nightingale," when he speaks of the bird's voice as having

".....Charmed magic casements
Opening in the foam of perilous seas,
Of fairy lands forlorn."

Any poet, who but approaches such heights as this, is worthy of the name.

The influence of Keats is distinctly perceptible here and there in the different poems. But in one entitled "Hamstead Sea, 1819" it is most apparent, not merely because the subject is Keats' "Nightingale" and the metre the same as that in which he wrote the famous ode, but in the turning of a verse, in the very conceptions themselves, we see Keats' influence.

Whence didst thou come? Perchance on Latman mount
A midnight joy or requiem fancy-sad
Thou all unwitting warbled near the fount
Where, as he homeward turns, the shepherd lad
Pauses, and stares with large eyes at the cave
Whose darkness hides Endymion asleep.

(Continued on page 3.)

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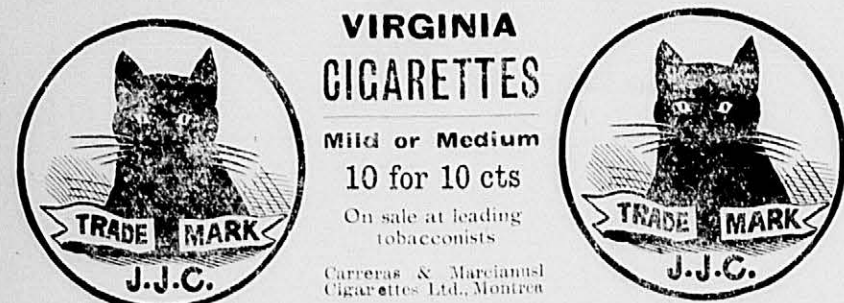
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"THE LURE OF EARTH."

(Continued from page 2.)

Untouched for ever by Selene's kiss:
Bourne o'er the eastern wave,
Didst thou alight and flood with
song the steep
Whose ruined glory looks toward Sa-
lamis?

Who but an absolute authority on
Kents, reading these lines would not
exclaim, "It's Kents himself." Per-
haps the similarity may be so great
as to open Dean Moyse to the sug-
gestion of servile imitation. If there
were more such poems in his collec-
tion we might say so, but we cannot
detract from such a flash of beauti-
ful verse by any such charge.

The following verse is just as beau-
tiful:

Many a voice is ours; to him alone
The soul of Nature whispered secret
things

Unsung before he came, unheard, un-
known—
Secrets of earth's sleep and her mur-
murings.

Ah, all too soon, in fuller flood, de-
cay
The ebbing waves of song to silence
brought,

Brought pain and death beneath a
foreign sky:
And didst thou wing thy way
To where by Tiber's stream his grave
is sought,

And from the cypress sing his dirge,
then die?

To Kents "the soul of nature" in-
deed "whispered secret things." Per-
haps Dean Moyse was thinking 'of
the lines.

"I cannot see what flowers are at
my feet," but the soft incense wafted
from the ground, connoted and made
real to Kents those wonderful pic-
tures, which have made his "Ode"
immortal.

In such a short survey, picking out
what we think is best, and at most,
suggesting some of the gems of
beauty which may be found by the
lover of poetry in Dean Moyse's book
we can but take a few poems as
characteristic, but mention must be
made, before we close the book, of
"The Fairy Queen's Lullaby."

This is written in the lightest of
lyric verses.

Lady, sleep! The dawn is breathing
O'er the uplands, brown and cool,
Gently breathing where the grasses
Bend and break the fairies' pool.

As pure lyric the whole poem is
excellent. The measures dance and trip
along; the light airy atmosphere
spread over the pictures suggests
"The Horns of Elf Land." But it is
the chorus where the poet surpasses
himself.

(Chorus of Fairies)

Sleep! The bells of heather red,
Touching, parting, overhead,
Softly sigh
"Lullaby!"

The delicacy of touch which one
feels here is characteristic of all the
poet's lyric verse. In the chorus of
"The Fairy Queen's Awakening" it is
even more apparent.

List! The moth, with wings in play
Creeps upon the tufted broom;
Now, beneath the hedge-row spray,
Glow-worms cast their mellow ray
Where the velvet mosses bloom

In grot unseen:
Awake, O Queen!

The diminutive life of nature is
described with the same lightness of
touch which we find in the lyrics of
"Twelfth Night."

But we might go on "ad infinitum"
discovering just such gems as we
have quoted above. To some it may
seem that our criticism is void of
force, possessing not one small bit
of blame. To them we reply that we
have dealt with only such verses as
made an impression upon us—indirectly
complimenting ourselves.

There are doubtless places where
the poet becomes slightly prosaic;
what singer ever maintained the
height of his most sublime touches?
But these verses we have not quoted.
Our business has been to appreciate
what is best in "The Lure of Earth."
For the prosaic and poorer phase,
we leave that to some modern
"Scotch Reviewer." He will find
them soon enough.

The Dean is OUR poet; we are proud
of him. We hope that one day his
name will rank among the first of
Canadian songsters, and when that
day comes McGill men will not be
backward in claiming their share of
his reflected glory.

Undoubtedly Canada is destined to
build up a great "Literature." Mc-
Gill as one of the foremost of her
Universities will play her part, and
we feel that when time has passed
her judgment, when everything that
is mediocre is weeded out, some at
least of Dean Moyse's poems will be
enjoyed.

VIEUX TEMPS A MCGILL

WITH APOLOGIES TO THE AUTHOR OF "THE HABITANT."

Venez ici, mon chere ami, an' sit down by me, so,
An' I will tol' you story of ol' time, long ago,
When every t'ing is 'appy, an' all de bird is sing,—
An' me, I'm young an' strong like 'moose, an' not afraid not'ing!

I close my eye jus' so, an' see de College by he Hill,
I close my ear an' hear de gong — ba gosh, it makes me ill,
It ring so sharp at nine o'clock, I'm very offen late;
An' yet I make de fool of me — I vote commence at eight!

But dem was pleasure day for sure, dem day of long ago,
When I was spark de R. V. C. an' nudger girls also,
An' go to smoking concert, an' hockey match, an' gym,
An' sometime have to see de Dean— Mon Dieu, I'm scared on him!

He make de study of de rock an' crush dem just like cheese,
He tink no stuff too old an' tough, all tings he cracks wid ease:—
But one day he was come surprise — his fine machine go broke —
De cause de smash dey find was one of Evans' fossil joke!

De nex' I member very clear, 'e was a man of might,
Who loved de chain an' level, compass, t'eodolite;
He run de grounds, he run de clocks, he run de heavens clear,
He run a show, Dorchester Street, call' Civil Engineer.

MacKay an' Brown, dey drove us hard, dey wanted us believe
Dey never had no time at all, but work from morn till eve;
Dey sat all day an' half de night beneat' de roof tree ridge—
We t'ought dem planning trusses — dey were only playin' bridge!

We can't forget Professor Keay — so dignified 'e walk,
So learnedly 'e speak of trains, so Yankee was 'is talk;
An' Danny Murray, 'e can't 'elp de:pain dat curled us up
Wen we suffered wid de calculus, an' tried to pass de sup.

An' Doctor 'oward Barnes, 'e tried to teach us many tings—
From measurements electricque down to tones produce' by striggs;
He found de job was hard wit' us — but 'ardest of dem all,
'e taught us bangn rushes and inter-class push-ball.

Den Durley built a power 'ouse, fe loved it like a daughter;
De tings it powdered out were volts, amperes and boiling water;
An' Herdt played wid de dynamo — parbleu 'e's got technique;
All Canadaw want 'im to fix deir hydro-electricque.

Each year de Miners raised a howl because too much to do
'Day make us chemists, t'lectricals, civil mechanics too;
No minute off—because sometime we play wit' stamps and water,
Don't tink its beer an' skittles — it's only jigs and Porter."

He bien, mon fren, it's many year since I have been student,
To many places in dis worl' my steps dey have been bent;
But wen I sit an' dream a while, my eyes wit' tears dey fill,
I was, I am, alway' will be—a SON OF OL' MCGILL.

PROFESSOR EVANS.

ODE OF WELCOME

To His Royal Highness, Duke of Connaught on his arrival to take
up the duties of Governor-General in the Dominion of Canada — Oct. 12,
1911.

Hail Royal Duke! Heir of the noblest line,
That ruled o'er Empires — thro the length of time!
Thrice welcome hail! We bid thee with thy train
To this great land — of vastness and domain.
A land yet young with childhood's charms entwined —
With beauty robed, and every grace enshrined
Where health and plenty is the toiler's share,
And the dull sluggard must give heed and care—
Where Freedom is — and all men truly free
And Liberty means not more slavery —
The greatest land on which the sun ere shone
And pays her homage to no King but One.
Broad are her plains and grand her flowing streams
Rich are her mountains, far surpassing dreams.
While roaming midst her wooded hills and glens
Wild game in plenty scent the approach of men —
A land whose future pen cannot portray
Nor poet tell its prospects in a day —
But one and all, who land upon its shore
Return to chant its praises evermore.
To this new land, with all its promise great,
We bid thee welcome, to the helm of state,
To thee we pledge our faith and loyalty —
And grant thee undivided realm and sway —
No other land has stouter hearts and brave
To the old flag — long may it o'erus wave,
True hearts of Britons — give a roaring cheer,
God Save the King and Duke — this is our prayer.

W. WILBERFORCE MacCUAIG.

FACULTY NOTES

MILITARY COURSE.

Below is a list of subjects and hours in the Military Course for the
session 1911—12:

Group A.			
Subject.	No. of Lectures.	Lecturer.	Time of Lectures.
(1) Military History and Strategy.	25	Maj. Robertson.	Mon. and Tues. at 5 p.m. (commencing Oct. 31.)
(2) Military Tactics	25	Lt.-Col. English.	Thur. and Fri. at 5 p.m. (commencing Nov. 2nd.)
Group B.			
(1) Military Engineering	20	Capt. Tyrnell.	Wed. at 5 p.m., (commencing Nov. 1st.)
(2) Military Topography.	20		(To be taken in connection with Survey School, Sept. 1912.
Group C.			
(1) Military Law.	12		
(2) Military Administration.	12	Lt.-Col. English.	(Thur. and Fri. after completion of Military Tactics Course.

By resolution of the Faculty of Applied Science, Military Engineering may be substituted for Engineering Law.
Students who wish to take any of the above courses will please register at the Registrar's office before Oct. 28th.
The lectures will be given in the Engineering Building.

McGill University

MONTREAL

Session 1911—1912

Courses in Arts (men and women),
Music, Applied Science, (Architecture,
Chemistry, Metallurgy, Theory and
Practice of Railways, and Civil, Elec-
trical, Mechanical and Mining Engi-
neering) Law, Medicine, Commerce,
and Agriculture.

Examinations for Matriculation and
First Year Exhibitions (value \$50 to
\$300) are held in June, for Matricula-
tion, Second Year Exhibitions and
Third Year Scholarships, in Septem-
ber.

The New Medical Building with in-
creased accommodation and the most
modern equipment is now in use.

Particulars regarding examinations,
entrance requirements, Exhibitions,
Courses of Study, fees, etc., may be
obtained on application to

J. A. NICHOLSON, M.A.
Registrar.

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Matinees Wednesday and Saturday
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POMANDER WALK
FRIDAY AND SATURDAY
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HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE

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Francis Wilson, in His Own
Comedy Success
The Bachelor's Baby

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THE TORONTO PRESS

WHAT THE CRITICS SAY.

"In addition to this brilliant kick-
ing and fast following down under
punts, the Red and White have a
strong, powerfully built line. They
have size, strength and good aver-
age tackling ability. Gartsore was
particularly prominent in this regard.
Their line is not, as yet, moulded
into a smooth machine, but it has
great latent possibilities and with a
few weeks more work it should be a
veritable stone wall.

"The other members of the back
guard did not show the form of the
previous week, Maynard was better
in spots, and he tore off a few bril-
liant runs. Ramsay was in excellent
form after the first few minutes, in
so far as individual work was con-
cerned. Dales kicked well, but his
running was nipped in the bud by
the sensational work of Laing and
Lewis.

"Seven thousand people had come
to see Varsity, the great, annihilate
McGill, the weak.
"Before the sun had set a great
change had come over the opinion of
this vast concourse, for they had seen
Varsity, the nearly great, put to
their utmost extremities to hold off
McGill, the far from weak. The score
at the finish read: University of Tor-
onto '18, McGill '11, and a hard,
close battle had gone down in his-
tory.

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"A LEGEND---(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1)"

NO DEED OF SHAME WHICH THOU CANST NAME BUT I HAVE PROBED THEM ALL!

"I HAVE CRAZED MY MIND WITH FIERY DRINK, AND THE DEEDS WE DRUNKARDS DO ARE SOMETIMES DONE ALONE BY ONE, AND SOMETIMES TWO BY TWO.

I CARE NO MORE FOR ALMIGHTY GOD THAN TO DEEPEN MY OATHS WITH HIS NAME, AND MEN, POOR FOOLS, I USE BUT AS TOOLS TO WIN IN MY SELFISH GAME."

THE DEVIL GRINNED A MIRTHLESS GRIN—"NAY, VERILY, THIS WILL I SAY, THE SINS YE HAVE SINNED WERE AS DEEP-DYED SINS AS ANY SINNED TO-DAY!

YE HAVE WASTED YOUR LIFE IN EVIL LUST, AND HAVE MADE YOUR EARTH A HELL, YOU ARE VOID OF LOVE FOR GOD ABOVE, AND YOUR FELLOW-MAN AS WELL.

"BUT WHY DID YE LIVE YOUR LIFE OF SHAME? WAS IT THROUGH LOVE OF SIN? DO YE LIKE THE TASTE THAT YE SHOULD WASTE THE LIFE THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN?"

NAY, FOR I KNOW YOUR HYPOCRISY, YE AND ALL OF YOU SORT, YOUR LIVES YE STAIN THAT YE MAY GAIN THE NAME OF A FAST-LIVED SPORT!

"AND AS YE SIN TO GAIN THE NAME YE SIN FOR WHAT OTHERS SAY, AND NO WEAK-KNEE HYPOCRISY WILL CHEAR ME UP TO-DAY. I' FAITH IT WAS BUT THE SHOW OF SIN I SOUGHT TO MAKE ME GLAD

IN HELL YE'D GRACE AN HONOURED PLACE, BUT I LONG FOR THE GENUINE BAD.

"NOW LIST TO ME, YE TWO POOR SOULS THAT SIN YOUR SIN FOR THE SHOW, NO GOOD YE'D BE TO HELL OR ME, SO BACK TO EARTH YE GO. YE PRIDED YOURSELVES ON YOUR GENUINE SIN, BUT I LOOKED YOU THROUGH AND THROUGH—

BY MY BRIMSTONE PITS YE ARE HYPOCRITS, AND I WASH MY HANDS OF YOU!"

THE MINIONS BOLD THEY CLUTCHED THOSE SOULS AND FLEW FOR ALL THEIR WORTH, AND THEY RUSHED THEM BACK BY THE SHORTEST TRACK TO THEIR MORTAL LIVES ON EARTH.

BUT THE DEVIL SIGHED A WEARY SIGH—"AND THEY WERE THE WORST TO BE HAD!

YEA VERILY THE TIMES ARE AWRY: THERE ARE NONE OF THE GENUINE BAD!"

E. R. P.

(EDITORIAL NOTE)

The above verses are so palpably a reflection of Rudyard Kipling's "Tomlinson," that we would hesitate to publish them, if it were not for the fact that they possess so many excellent qualities.

The young poet E. R. P., is evidently a careful and diligent student of the "great imperialist."

He has chosen a worthy master. Service the "Bard of the Canadian North" found in Kipling the inspiration, which stirred him into susceptibility, of the "Vast and God-like spaces" of the North. In his "Song of the Mouth Organ" he followed Kipling's "Song of the Banjo" almost as closely as E. R. P. has followed his "Tomlinson."

Before our budding McGill songster can hope to win a place of his own, he must emancipate himself from a too servile influence of Kipling, and strike out along some new line.

"Good luck to him," we say, and may the McGill Daily have the privilege of printing more of the verses, of a man, who may yet make his name famous, as a Canadian singer.

MCGILL TRACK TEAM SHAPING WELL FOR MONDAY'S MEET

Varsity athletes arrive Saturday morning---blue and white confident of repeating the win of last four years

The seventeen chosen ones that will represent McGill on Monday afternoon in the thirteenth annual championships of the Canadian Intercollegiate League are showing improved form in practice and will undoubtedly do creditable work when the time comes. Word was received yesterday from Captain Brock of Toronto that his team will arrive Saturday morning by the G.T.R. They will be on hand early to look over the grounds and presumably to do some rooting for the Varsity rugby team on Saturday afternoon.

Around Varsity the wise ones are darning a win for their crowd. They figure on about winning with the assistance of their "three busy bees,"—Bricker, Brock, Brown. These men, together with Campbell in the mile, and Watts in the three mile, will make things hum and the meet will be very close in any event. Toronto's wins in the last four years give them an advantage in "dope" but we are of the opinion that they will have no walk away.

Queen's meet was held Monday and as usual Mackinnon starred. He can be looked upon to win a chunk of the points in the field events.

The entrance of R. M. C. will add an uncertain element to the meet and should make things decidedly in-

so he gave up his engineering work to take up writing seriously. He has since devoted himself to writing only.

The young author has lately had published a volume which his many admirers have anticipated with singular pleasure. "On the Iron at Big Cloud" is a book which is essentially characteristic of our age, and of the West with its indefinable spirit of breadth and immensity. It consists of distinct and separate short stories but they have a common setting, the Hill Division of a Transcontinental Railroad, which fits them admirably for publication in a single volume.

The writer knows the inner workings of the mind of mortal man. His creative power is apparent as there is a great variety of characters. They stand out vividly and many are distinct creations; but there is noticeable in the delineation of nearly every individual, a knowledge of conditions and of men—a personal contact with them, which makes his characters doubly realistic. In "Holman" we note the tragedy of stern work that faces the College man, and which strikes hard at the very base of the Castle of principles and theories which he has so laboriously reared in the years of his college career. Keating "The Builder," is the type of a young man with a strong mind in a weak body and who is conscious of personal ability coupled with doom—the ever-hunting doom that is born with a realization that he will be unable to achieve his ambitions. Coogan "the Guardian of the Devil's Slide," is a remarkable character study, which impresses one as a strange combination of strength and sentiment and pathos. We feel that his manifest feature, and it seems that he follows us with living eyes. The author's treatment of his characters is essentially prosaic, yet sympathetic, and the finest shades of feeling are revealed. His style is studied, which is equivalent to saying that it is easy and pleasant reading. It is vivid and restful. For each separate story he changes his whole mental attitude to suit his theme, and his style changes automatically. In a word, he is versatile—both in theme and in style. Whatever the exterior influences he may have undergone, it must be said that they appear to be completely assimilated and reduced to a style, original, terse, characteristic of his own personality.

Many of the qualities of his work are lasting. His stories have a healthy tone which leaves one better pleased with men and humanity in general. When the history of the West, in relation to its great forerunner—railroading—comes to be written, this book will prove an inspiration, and will with advantage be referred to in order to obtain the true spirit of that broad and wonderful country. The quality of his work is an assurance to us for the future. In manner of description the "Little Super" is especially strong, and augurs well for coming stories.

Those who are disposed to reason concerning immortality find rationalistic grounds for the presumption of its existence in the fact that in fortuitous events, and times of emergency and stress man is capable of rising to heights of bravery and resourcefulness of which he was heretofore completely unaware. That these are, so to speak, indications of "immortal learnings," qualities that always last. Summed up, this delightful collection of stories is an eulogy of these latent powers. It is based on a sound and healthy belief in the inherent good that lurks in every man.

R. F. S., '08-'11.

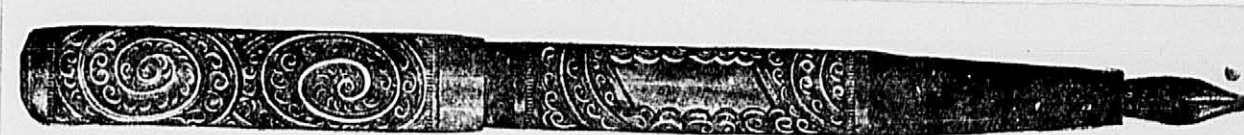
SWIMMING CLUB PROSPECT BRIGHT TEAM PLAN TO TOUR STATES PLAYING ALL BIGGER AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES

Never in the history of Old McGill have the prospects of Old McGill been so bright as they promise to be this year. We have with us this year practically all of last year's team and also Hodgson, a freshman who swept everything before him in the recent Empire Games held during the week of the Coronation. Daniels, the champion short distance swimmer of the world says he is the only man who can give him a race.

With a few exceptions the Polo team will be the same as that which defeated Toronto 17-0 in last year's Intercollegiate meet.

Of the old faces which will be seen again this year there are Draper, Havert, who did such fine work for the College last year and were a great factor in bringing the championship to Old McGill.

Other promising freshmen are Mc-



Special Sale of Fountain Pens, 98c.

be sold this week at the cut price 98c. This is a manufacturer's sale and done for advertising purposes. These pens are mounted in Sterling Silver, Mother of Pearl, Gold Filled, Filigree, hand chased bands. Self Fillers and Ladies' non-leakable Pens. Mail orders filled same day as received.

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Gill and MacKay, whose addition to the team should make the Intercollegiate easy picking this year.

Montreal will see the Intercollegiate meet this year. Though the date is not yet fixed it will be about the end of January. This affords plenty of time for everyone of you men who have any swimming ability to get out and do something for your University.

The team will tour the Eastern part of the U. S. after the Intercollegiate series, visiting Yale, Cornell and Columbia Universities. The trip will last about six days.

To-night our two polo teams, the Seniors and Intermediates, play with the M. A. A. A. First game starts at 8.15.—All up.

The Senior team will be:

Goal, Skelton.
Backs, Coy, Smith.
Forwards, De Hart, Buckley, Redman.

For the Intermediates the line-up will be as follows:

Goal, Kirby.
Backs, Jones, Baldwin.
Forwards, Gilchrist, Penjelly, Crossfield.

The rest of the schedule is:

Nov. 1—C. P. R. A. A. vs. McGill.
Nov. 3—M. S. C. vs. McGill.
Nov. 14—McGill vs. Nautique.
Nov. 17—M. A. A. A. vs. McGill.
Nov. 21—McGill vs. Nautique.
Nov. 27—McGill vs. M. S. C.
Nov. 30—Laurentian vs. McGill.
Dec. 1—Nautique vs. McGill.

The Montreal Swimming Club have held the Polo championship of the city for the last eight years. The year before last McGill gave her a tight run for first place. And this year it won't be a tight run but a win.

Last year our Intermediates walked off with the championship of their league and promise to repeat the stunt again this year.

Our Polo team covered itself with glory in the last year's Intercollegiate meet beating Toronto to the delightful tune of 17-0.

All up fellows and give your earnest support to the Club and add one more championship to this year's triumphs.

FRESHMAN WINS FIRST HONOUR

HARRIER RUN SENSATIONAL FROM START TO FINISH

The annual Freshman-Sophomore cross country run took place this evening at 5 o'clock. The course consisted of a lap on the track, then along Sherbrooke to Greene Avenue and back with a final lap to finish with.

The contest brought out a field of ten starters which is certainly a good showing considering that the Track Club have several men in their ranks who were not allowed to enter. From the very first everyone was assured that Davidson and Kerr were both out for the coat sweater, the trophy offered for first prize, and accordingly would put up a strong fight. When Green Avenue was reached both of the former men were running strong and keeping close together, they were followed closely by Henson, who is maintaining his reputation here as well as in old England. The rest of the squad were well bunched and following close after the leaders. Kerr after a stiff track grind with Davidson beat him out by a narrow margin in the remarkably fast time of 17 min. 24 sec. Henson with very little competition finished third, Hemming fourth, Douglas, a new edition to the squad from the Freshman class, fifth. Then followed Ogilvie, Wilgress, Struthers, Mathewson.

The next workout for the squad will be on Friday at 5 o'clock. The following members are urgently requested to be on hand: Kerr, Davidson, Henson, Hemming, Brophy, Reid, Douglas, Sproule, Ogilvie, Wilgress, Struthers, Bruneau, Dale, Harris, Mathewson. Captain Murray will be on hand to give any information in regard to cross country work. Secretary Reid is now prepared to receive entries for the college run on Friday, Nov. 3rd.

MINERS '12 VS. CIVILS '12.

The far-famed football match between Miners and Civils has at last been fixed for 3 o'clock this afternoon on the Campus. All up to see the great game.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Track squad will be out at 4.15 for a special work-out to-day. The milers will run a trial at the M.A.A. A. grounds.

The Arts Undergrad. have been forced to postpone their big meeting for a week. Hence Prof. Leacock's address will be delivered on Nov. 8th instead of on Nov. 1st.

A THIRD ELECTION MUST BE HELD.

A bye-election was held at the Union yesterday for Science representative on the Union House committee. Mr. J. A. Warburton was elected by one vote, thus reversing the result of the regular election held on Monday at which Mr. R. E. L. Hollinsed was elected. A protest has been entered, owing to the short notice given of the bye-election. This necessitates a new election, which has been set for next Wednesday, November 1st.

Miss Beatrice Hodrill has been elected Vice-President of the Fourth Year, following the custom of electing the first vice-president from the R. V. C.

CORRESPONDENCE

October 25th., 1911.

The Editor McGill Daily:
Dear Sir: May I, through the medium of your paper publicly apologize to Mr. Strang for being so indiscreet as to air a complaint in the "Daily" instead of in his ear. His explanation of the chaos existing in the Union Reading Room is satisfactory. I would like, however, to take exception to the statement that I have not paid my subscription which Mr. Strang takes peculiar care to share in the blame for the present emphasis. On October 5th I paid to the Bursar a "Union Fee" of \$10.00. I regret therefore that I must needs state of affairs which Mr. Strang attaches to the rank and file of the McGill Union.

I am, Sir,
Yours truly
AUSTEN HARRISON.

VARSITY PAYS HER ANNUAL TOLL TO MCGILL

MCGILL REINFORCED BY MEN FROM OTHER CANADIAN SEATS OF LEARNING

It is McGill's proud boast that she draws her students from every habitable part of the globe—From every nook and corner of Canada they flock, "to drink of her learning." We have men coming in from the different Canadian Universities to add honor to their degree, by holding it from McGill,—from Queen's, Dalhousie, Ottawa and Laval, they come. We are proud also to say that Varsity herself has paid us toll.

Just ten years ago Professor Leacock, who has made McGill's name famous with his own, came down from Toronto to take up his position as Professor of Political Science here. Every year has seen a few Varsity men arrive.

The opening of the term saw Mr. McCrimmon registered for third year Arts here from Varsity—Yesterday Mr. McLellan arrived from Toronto to attend Professor Leacock's Political Science lectures and to graduate with the 12 boys.

For two years Mr. McLellan played Intermediate for Varsity, and was slated for the Senior team this year—but Professor Leacock's fame was so noised in his ears that he left his old Alma Mater to graduate from McGill. Not only is he an asset from an academic standpoint, but he will be welcome by our football enthusiasts, with open arms. Good luck to him, we say, and may he never regret his sojourning among us.

ARTS '12 AND '13 CLASH ON CAMPUS

One of the most exciting and sensational games ever seen on the Campus took place yesterday afternoon when Arts '12 and '13 played their annual match. The game was second only to the many historic contests between the Faculty of Law, and after a gruelling contest in which the final issue was always in doubt '13 emerged victorious by a score of 12 to 1. For the winners Price was always in the limelight though exactly why a member of 1st year Commercial was figuring on Junior Arts was a puzzle to some of the spectators. For the losing team Hughes starred in all departments. It is hardly necessary to add that the crowd that witnessed the game was one of the largest in the history of Campus rugby.

WATER-POLO TO-NIGHT AT THE M. A. A. A. 8 O'CLOCK.

AT APPRECIATION

The Daily announces with great pleasure the receipt of an exchange, "The Campus" from the University of Rochester. This paper is published weekly, and contains more cleverly written news to the square inch than most publications of its kind.

The University of Rochester is, as its name would indicate, located at Rochester, New York. It is delightfully located in the heart of the best residential district of the city, surrounded by large trees and an expanse of beautifully kept lawn. The total attendance is about 750, but this does not include women, as the co-educational system has not been adopted. Great emphasis there is laid on the Arts or as they call it "the purely academic course." While great enthusiasm exists among the students over athletics and the ordinary undergraduate activities, a wholesome interest is commanded for the more literary pursuits. Last May the writer had the opportunity of hearing there a play written by an undergraduate, and acted by undergraduates. The subject was of a racial nature, and reflected great credit on the writer who played the title role and his supporters in the histrionic effect.

The McGill Daily will look forward with pleasurable anticipation to future exchanges from Rochester, and wish the editors every success for a continued excellence in their paper.

THE MCGILL DAILY

Official organ of the undergraduate body of McGill University.

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Bus. Mgr. R. H. Green, '12.
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Circulation Manager—D. L. Macaulay.

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